

Thanatos

by Peach eats Smiley

Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Drama, Friendship

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-09-15 06:11:34

Updated: 2014-09-15 06:11:34

Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:19:14

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 639

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "All he needed were the few seconds of foolproof illusion that would set off the end of all Minimum." His plan included a girl in despair, a fight to the death with his best friend and finally, the eradication of every single minimum, save for one. It did not include his survival...

Thanatos

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Black Pants: check

\_The all black outfit had proven quite useful for moving around in the dark without being detected. He did miss his old suit, but between the bullet holes and the damage it had taken when he had needed to swim to shore after Murasaki had taken the smaller boat he'd used to get to the ship that night, there hadn't been anything to do about it but to throw almost the entire ensemble out. (He had kept the tie and the belt though)\_

Blue shirt: check

White belt: check

\_Art had been quite surprised to see that Nice; perpetually broke private detective Nice; had bought him the white accessory as a present. It was only after he noticed that Nice himself wore an identical one, that Art realized that Nice had probably stumbled over a two-for-one deal or something similar. Not that he minded this slight bit of partner look...\_

Mask: check

\_Getting a recording of Nice's terrified face had taken some \_drastic\_ measures. Putting his beat up, but still very much alive partner in a body bag and dropping said bag off in front of their

workplace was certainly not a particularly tasteful thing to do, but it got the job done.\_

\_As Art watched the Freemum member work his magic he briefly contemplated giving the other strict orders to not talk about this request to anyone. It might keep him from accidentally alerting Ishigami to Art's true intentions. \_Or\_ it might just make him suspicious enough of Art to deliberately tell Ishigami about the mask... In the end he decided to take the gamble and say nothing. The Freemum's charismatic leader was in all likelihood already doubting his motives anyway... there was no need to instill the same doubt in his so far very loyal followers...\_

Chloroform: check

Knife: check

Gun: check

Coat: check

Boots: check

He stood up from the neat pile of items he had prepared for the coming fight. They weren't perfect. The colors of the clothes were slightly off, for one, and the mask, while lifelike enough it could fool even himself, would do nothing to change his eyes. He didn't need them to be perfect, though. All he needed were the few seconds of foolproof illusion that would set off the end of all Minimum.

A part of him wished there was another way to achieve his goal. One that didn't involve exploiting a little girls most valued friendship to make her despair. One that wouldn't threaten the lives of his closest friends or demand that he leave them with only grief and unanswered questions as his parting gift. One that hadn't caused his old partner to die such a pointlessly painful death.

Sighing he forced himself to abandon these thoughts. Wishing for the impossible wasn't going to get him anywhere. This world was unfair and broken, but he had promised to fix that. If this was the extent of the sacrifices he would need to make for that, then so be it.

He turned to the assortment of vials he had collected over the past weeks. Injecting himself with all of those wasn't something he looked forward to, but it was the only way that would guarantee that these sins could be eradicated without a trace.

He had already hidden the one Minimum he deemed worthy of being preserved away in a locker far away from this place, along with one of his syringes and a letter with instructions. The e-mail with directions to said locker was already set to send a bit under 30 hours from now, a time at which the one he chose to trust with this ability would hopefully still have use for it.

Art placed the needle on his neck. His last night would be a long one...

Resolve to die: check

End  
file.